A POWER COMIC

DEDICATED TO THE NEW BREED OF COMIC READERS!

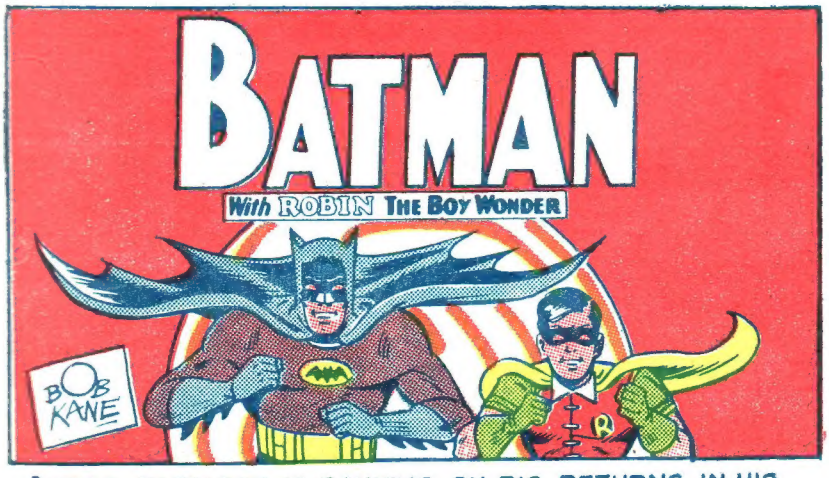
SMASH!

No. 45
10th DEC. 1966

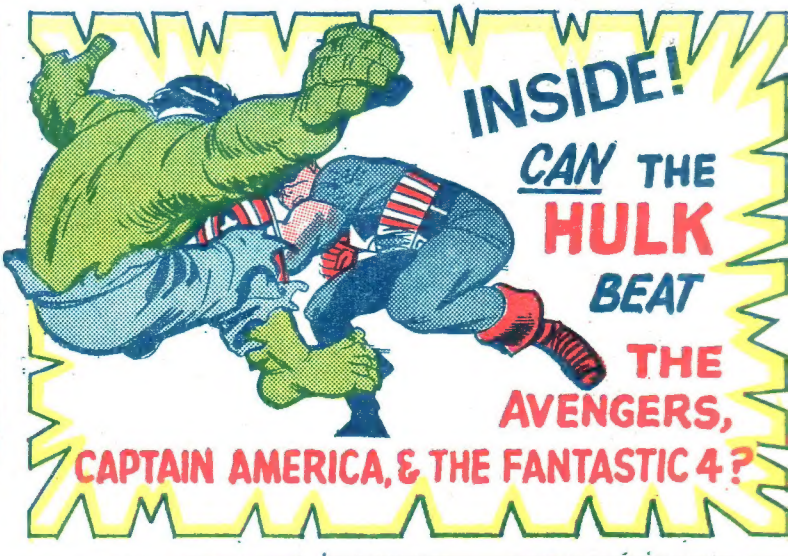
EVERY MONDAY
7d

BATMAN

With ROBIN The Boy Wonder

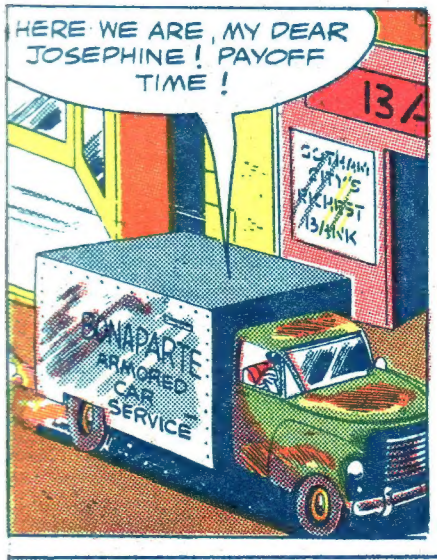


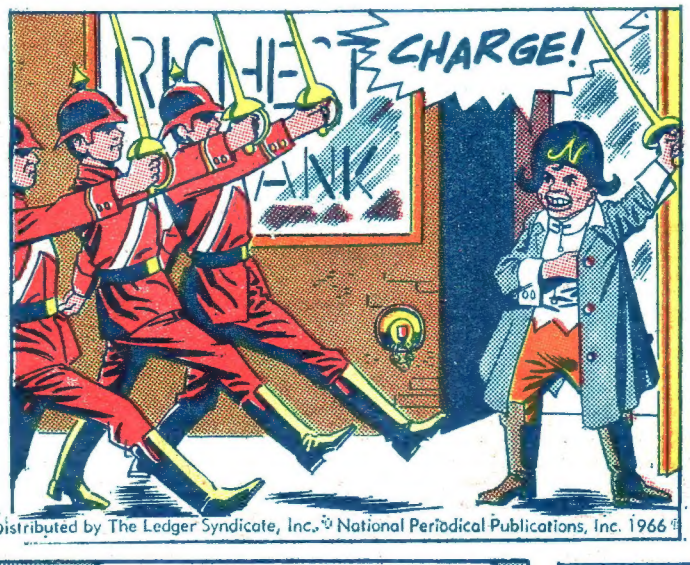
LITTLE NAPOLEON IS BANKING ON BIG RETURNS IN HIS LATEST CRIME-CAPER—A FRONTAL ATTACK ON GOTHAM CITY BANK!



INSIDE!

CAN THE HULK BEAT THE AVENGERS, CAPTAIN AMERICA, & THE FANTASTIC 4?





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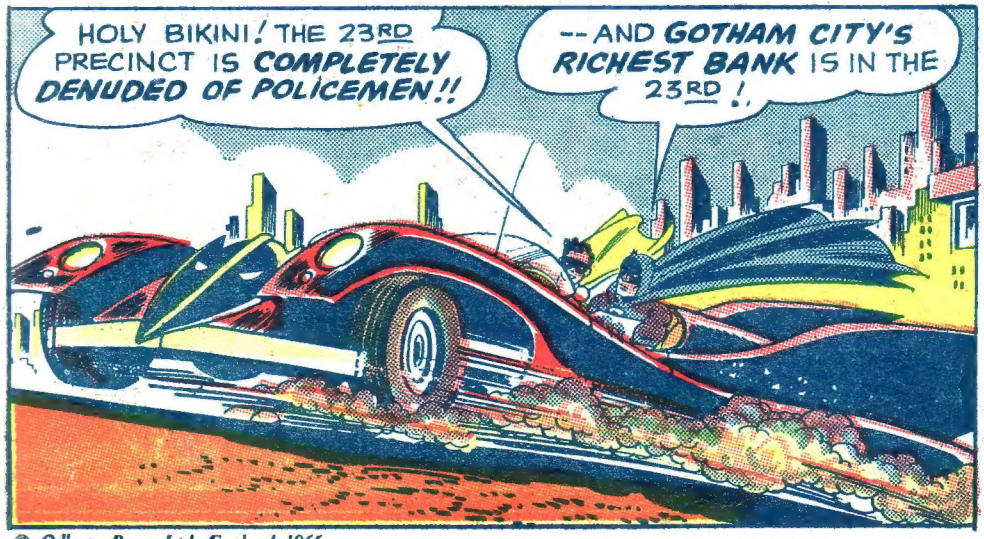
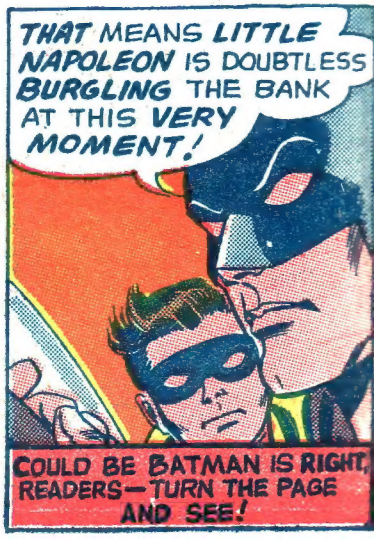



THAT MEANS LITTLE NAPOLEON IS DOUBTLESS BURGLING THE BANK AT THIS VERY MOMENT!
COULD BE BATMAN IS RIGHT, READERS—TURN THE PAGE AND SEE!

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! THE BANK IS CLOSED FOR THE DAY!!
--BUT THE VAULT IS STILL OPEN--AND THAT'S WHAT REALLY MATTERS!
LIBERATE THE LOOT FROM THE LOCK-UP, LEGIONNAIRES!!
BUT SUDDENLY--!
SO SOON, DYNAMIC DUO?!?
THIS IS ONE FRACAS YOU ARE GOING TO FLUNK, YOU PHONEY FRENCHMAN!
NOT UNTIL I'VE TURNED YOU INTO A SPLIT PERSONALITY, BOY WONDER!
OOF!
SPLUT!
MISSED ME!
GLOCK!
BLAT!
KRUNCH!
HURRY, BONEY! THEY'LL CATCH US!
NOT TONIGHT, JOSEPHINE!
HAVE THE POLICE PICK UP THESE MARAUDING MERCENARIES, MR. BANKER!
OF COURSE, BATMAN! AND I'D LIKE TO GIVE YOU AND THE BOY WONDER A REWARD!
BATMAN AND I NEVER ACCEPT TIPS!!
GIVE IT TO THE POLICE BENEVOLENT FUND! THEY DO SPLENDID WORK!
NEXT WEEK: NAPOLEON BEATS A FIGHTING RETREAT!

Percy's Pets

GOSH! PERCY'S GOT HIMSELF A TEDDY BEAR! HE'S A BIT OLD FOR THAT, ISN'T HE?

ZZZZZZ

PUP GROUP

WAA-AAH! IT'S A *REAL* BEAR! HE'S GOT A NEW PET!

GRRR!

HELP! HELP!

GRRR! SNARL!

OH, NO! TEDDY'S AFTER MUM!

HANG ON, MUM! I'LL GET SOME HONEY FROM THE PANTRY! THAT'LL SHIFT HIM! HE LOVES HONEY!

OH, NO! MY BEES HAVE FINISHED THE LOT!

POOR OLD PERCY! HE'S TOO LATE! WE'VE SCOFFED IT!

HONEY

IT WAS DELICIOUS! *BURP!*

MAYBE IF I PUT ON THIS BEARSKIN RUG, TEDDY WILL THINK I'M HIS DAD AND DO WHAT HE'S TOLD!

COO! LOOKS LIKE PERCY'S PRACTISING 'YOGI'! *HEH! HEH!*

WAA-AAH! ANOTHER BEAR! A *MONSTER* ONE!

??

SAVE ME! SAVE ME! *AAGH!*

GULP! I'VE DONE IT NOW!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHERE'S YOUR MUM?

SHE'S- ER- IN BED, D-DAD!

AAGH! SHE *IS* IN BED ALL RIGHT — THE *FLOWER* BED!

GRR! LET'S GET MUM INTO BED AND NO MORE NONSENSE — OR ELSE!

Y-YES, DAD!

AH, THIS IS MUCH CUMFIER THAN PERCY'S BED!

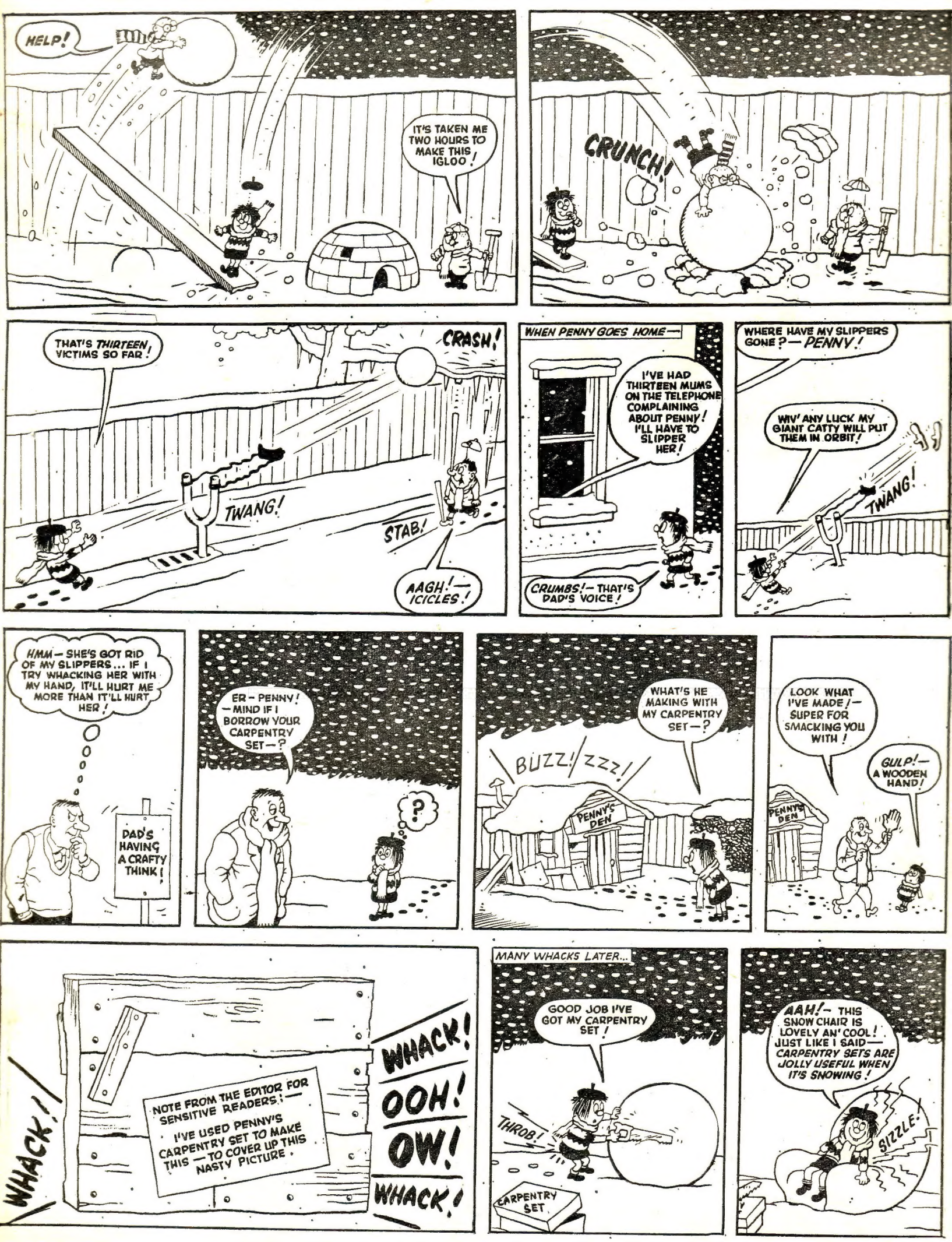
YAAGH! HE'S PINCHED *OUR* BED NOW!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT, WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR BED!

B-BUT WHERE DO I SLEEP?

WELL — WHAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR MUM, IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR *ME!* GULP!

BAD PENNY
ONE PENNY
1966
YAHOO! IT'S SNOWING!
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO USE MY CARPENTRY SET!
CARPENTRY SETS ARE JOLLY USEFUL WHEN IT'S SNOWING!
HAMMER!
BANG!
CLUNK!
PENNY'S DEN
THE BIGGEST CATTY EVER BUILT! — NOW I NEED SOME AMMO!
PENNY'S DEN
THIS'LL DO! — TA!
HOI!
MOVING TARGETS ARE THE BEST FUN!
SPLAT!
PYOINNG!
HEH! HEH!
MUMMY!
ANOTHER EIGHT VICTIMS LATER...
PUFF! — I'M GOING TO MAKE THIS SNOWBALL BIGGER AN' BIGGER AN' BIGGER!
AHA!!
ELM ST.
HAMMER!
BANG!
ZZZ!
PENNY'S DEN
GUESS WHAT I'M GOING TO DO WITH THIS SEE-SAW I MADE —
PUFF! IT'S GETTING BIGGER!
HEH! HEH! IT'S SO BIG, HE CAN'T SEE ROUND IT!
PUFF! — GRUNT! DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS A HILL — ?!?


HELP!
IT'S TAKEN ME TWO HOURS TO MAKE THIS IGLOO!
CRUNCH!
THAT'S THIRTEEN VICTIMS SO FAR!
CRASH!
TWANG!
STAB!
AAGH!— ICICLES!
WHEN PENNY GOES HOME—
I'VE HAD THIRTEEN MUMS ON THE TELEPHONE COMPLAINING ABOUT PENNY! I'LL HAVE TO SLIPPER HER!
CRUMBS!— THAT'S DAD'S VOICE!
WHERE HAVE MY SLIPPERS GONE?— PENNY!
WIV' ANY LUCK MY GIANT CATTY WILL PUT THEM IN ORBIT!
TWANG!
HMM— SHE'S GOT RID OF MY SLIPPERS... IF I TRY WHACKING HER WITH MY HAND, IT'LL HURT ME MORE THAN IT'LL HURT HER!
DAD'S HAVING A CRAFTY THINK!
ER— PENNY! —MIND IF I BORROW YOUR CARPENTRY SET—?
?
WHAT'S HE MAKING WITH MY CARPENTRY SET—?
BUZZ! ZZZ!
PENNY'S DEN
LOOK WHAT I'VE MADE!— SUPER FOR SMACKING YOU WITH!
GULP!— A WOODEN HAND!
PENNY'S DEN
WHACK!
NOTE FROM THE EDITOR FOR SENSITIVE READERS:— I'VE USED PENNY'S CARPENTRY SET TO MAKE THIS — TO COVER UP THIS NASTY PICTURE.
WHACK!
OOH!
OW!
WHACK!
MANY WHACKS LATER...
GOOD JOB I'VE GOT MY CARPENTRY SET!
THROB!
CARPENTRY SET
AAH!— THIS SNOW CHAIR IS LOVELY AN' COOL! JUST LIKE I SAID— CARPENTRY SETS ARE JOLLY USEFUL WHEN IT'S SNOWING!
SIZZLE!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

IN A REMOTE REGION OF CANADA, RUBBERMAN IS CAPTURED BY THE SINISTER BEING CALLED **THE RAINMAKER**. A HELMET PLACED UPON HIS HEAD HAS TURNED RUBBERMAN INTO A MINDLESS SLAVE, WHO TOILS DAY AND NIGHT IN THE RAINMAKER'S MINE...

WHEN DAWN COMES...

HE IS STILL WORKING! AND LOOK HOW MUCH HE HAS DONE— WHILE WE WERE RESTING!

NO HUMAN CAN STAND IT! HE IS WORKING HIMSELF TO DEATH!

WE MUST DO SOMETHING TO HELP HIM! IF ONLY WE COULD CUT FREE THAT DEVILISH HELMET!

WE WILL *TRY!* BUT WAIT UNTIL I DRAW THE ATTENTION OF THE GUARDS!

DO THAT AGAIN... AND IT WILL BE THE LAST THING YOU *EVER* DO!

GET BACK TO WORK THE REST OF YOU!

THEN...

IF ONLY THIS CHIPPED ROCK HAD A SHARPER EDGE, I COULD...

YOU! GET AWAY FROM HIM!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

LOOK OUT, YOU FOOL!

I... I COULDN'T HELP IT! THE TIPPING LEVER WAS JAMMED OVER!

I... I FAILED! THERE WAS NO TIME TO CUT RIGHT THROUGH!

NO, DON'T SHOOT HIM! I HAVE A BETTER IDEA!

YOU! KILL HIM!

THE GRINNING GUARDIANS STEP BACK TO WATCH...

HE... HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HE IS DOING!

THIS SHOULD BE GOOD!

DESPERATELY, THE WOULD-BE VICTIM DUCKS...

KEEP AT HIM, RUBBERMAN! HAW! HAW!

DON'T TRY ANYTHING, THE REST OF YOU— OR WE'LL SET HIM ON YOU, TOO!

BUT NOW RUBBERMAN IS NO LONGER A WILLING SLAVE...

HE'S NOT WEARING THE HELMET! HE'S... *UUUUUGH!*

AAAARGH!

SUDDENLY...

CRAACK!

THE ROOF'S CAVING IN! GET BACK!

UUUUUGH!

AS A ROCK SLAMS AGAINST RUBBERMAN'S HELMET...

THE STRAP WHICH I HALF-SEVERED... IT'S SNAPPED! THE HELMET IS FALLING OFF!

THEN...

WHAT...? WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE IN THE MINE! *LOOK OUT!— THEY'RE COMING BACK!*

COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM!

HE'S AFTER ME! I'LL HAVE TO USE THE EMERGENCY ESCAPE PASSAGE!

A CONCEALED DOOR OPENS. BUT...

UUUUUHHHH!

NO YOU DON'T!

THAT'S JUST *PART* PAYMENT FOR WHAT YOU DID!

AAARGH!

THAT PASSAGE MUST LEAD TO THE RAINMAKER'S TEMPLE!

WE'LL COME WITH YOU, RUBBERMAN. YOU STARTED SOMETHING HERE... WE'LL HELP YOU TO FINISH IT!

NO! YOU HAVE YOUR FAMILIES TO THINK OF! I'LL DO THIS ALONE!

AS HE RUNS ALONG THE ESCAPE PASSAGE, A HATED FIGURE FILLS RUBBERMAN'S MIND...

THIS IS THE SHOWDOWN, RAINMAKER! *ONE* OF US IS GOING TO COME OUT OF THIS...

THE SHOWDOWN! AND WITH IT ALL THE HEART-STOPPING THRILLS YOU'VE COME TO EXPECT FROM **RUBBERMAN!**

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...!

HUH! WHY MUST I DO ALL THE PADDLING?

BECAUSE I'M WATCHING TELLY!

IT'S ALL ABOUT VIKINGS IN THEIR LONG BOATS! THEY USED TO LOOT AND PLUNDER WHEREVER THEY WENT, JIM! THEY WERE GREAT LADS!

EEK!

COME ON OUT, OLAF! THIS LOOKS A LIKELY PLACE TO LOOT! HEH! HEH!

HOP IT, YOUNG PEASANTS! OLAF AND I ARE TAKING OVER THIS STRANGE CRAFT!

AAGH! BUT OUR TIME ISN'T UP YET! GLUB!

FORWARD, OLAF! THERE ARE MANY SPOILS TO BE TAKEN HERE, I SEE!

OH, NO! WHAT'S THE TELLY LET ME IN FOR THIS TIME?

AAGH! STOP THEM! THEY'VE PINCHED THE TAKINGS!

NOW TO ATTACK THE OTHER CRAFT!

OH, HECK! I'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE TWO TWERPS SOMEHOW! IT'S ALL MY FAULT!

EEK! ME HANDBAG!

ALLOW ME TO HELP, CHARLES! I'M A FAIR HAND WITH A SWORD — AND THESE TWO RUFFIANS NEED TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON!

COO! IT'S ADAM ADAMANT! HE MUST HAVE SWITCHED CHANNELS FROM THE INSIDE!

MAY I BORROW YOUR CRAFT, MADAM? THE COUNTRY IS IN DIRE NEED OF IT!

DOWN WITH VAGABONDRY! GLORIOUS BRITAIN FOR-EVER!

OH! MISTER ADAM! CERTAINLY! ANYTHING FOR YOU! CLUCK! CLUCK! COO!

WAIT FOR ME! YOU'LL NEED SOMEONE TO PADDLE THAT BOAT, MISTER ADAMANT!

NO SHOW WITHOUT MISS JONES!

FOR ENGLAND, SAINT GEORGE AND THE QUEEN! FASTER, MISS JONES! FASTER!

GASP! GASP! AND I THOUGHT IT WAS HARD WORK ON THE TELLY!

WHO'S THIS TWIT? LET'S GIVE THE BOUNDER A DANISH PASTING, EH?

TAKE THAT, YOU ROGUE!

YAH! MISSED, YOU BRITISH NIT!

WHO MISSED?

OOH! HE'S LOPPED MY HORNS OFF!

AAGH! ME FEET! PIG OF AN ENGLISHER! CHEAT! AAGH!

NOW I SHALL DEAL WITH THIS FOUL BRIGAND!

WAA-AAH!

CRUNCH!

CRASH!

WOW! ADAM'S CERTAINLY SORTED THEM OUT!

QUIT THE MUSHY STUFF AND GIVE ME MY TAKINGS, MATE!

YOUR HANDBAG, DEAR LADY! WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF ADAM ADAMANT!

I ALWAYS GET THE DIRTY JOBS!

IN YOU GO! STICK TO LONG BOATS! PADDLE BOATS ARE FOR EXPERTS! HO! HO! NOW I'LL JUST SWITCH CHANNELS AGAIN AND ADAM CAN GET BACK IN!

AFTER YOU, MISS JONES!

A GENTLEMAN TO THE LAST!

HO! HO! THOSE VIKINGS WERE NO MATCH FOR ADAM ADAMANT!

BAH! MISS JONES AND I GET ALL THE ROTTEN JOBS!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK

THE INCREDIBLE HULK IS ON A MAD RAMPAGE, SEEKING THE AVENGERS... TO DESTROY THEM FOR TURNING AGAINST HIM! ONLY THE FANTASTIC FOUR STAND BETWEEN THE HULK AND UTTER CARNAGE! BUT REED RICHARDS, MR FANTASTIC, IS DANGEROUSLY ILL... AND EVEN THE *THING'S* TREMENDOUS STRENGTH SEEMS NO MATCH FOR THE *LIMITLESS* POWER OF THE HULK...

THEN, AS THE *THING* SEARCHES FOR THE INCREDIBLE HULK...

THIS IS YOUR NETWORK MOBILE REPORTER, FOLKS, BROADCASTING FROM THE EVACUATED BATTLE AREA! AT THIS MOMENT, THE HULK SEEMS TO HAVE VANISHED, WHILE-- *WAIT A MINUTE*-- WE *SEE* SOMETHING!

UP AHEAD--IT'S THE *THING!* HE SEEMS TO BE STUMBLING AROUND, SEARCHING FOR THE HULK! YOU'VE GOT TO *HAND* IT TO HIM, FOLKS ...HE DOESN'T SEEM TO KNOW THE MEANING OF SURRENDER!

HOLD ON NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! WE'RE GOING TO TRY TO *INTERVIEW* HIM! WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION!

IS THERE ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO SAY TO THE RADIO AUDIENCE, *THING?*

YEAH--KEEP YOUR VOLUME DOWN SO YA DON'T ANNOY YOUR NEIGHBORS! NOW BEAT IT, YOU GUYS--I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO!

BUT, IF YOU MANAGE TO FIND THE *HULK* AGAIN, WHAT IS YOUR BATTLE PLAN??

I DUNNO--MAYBE I'LL MELT HIS TENDER HEART BY WEEPIN' AND WAILIN'!! BUT FIRST, I'VE GOT TO *FIND* THAT BIG APE!

LITTLE DOES THE BITTER *THING* REALIZE THAT THE ONE HE SEEKS IS CLOSER THAN HE THINKS! FOR, DIRECTLY UNDER THE THING'S FEET, IN A SUBWAY TUNNEL, WE FIND...

ARE MY EYES PLAYING *TRICKS* ON ME?? WHAT'S THAT UP AHEAD--A *MAN* ON THE TRACKS??

IT--IT *IS* A MAN! AND I CAN'T *STOP* IN TIME!!

WHY DOES HE *STAND* THERE?? WHY DOESN'T HE--*WAIT!* IT *ISN'T* JUST A MAN!! IT--IT'S--

--THE HULK!!

ALMOST EFFORTLESSLY, THE INCREDIBLE HULK STOPS THE SPEEDING TRAIN WITH THE SHEER GAMMA-RAY POWER OF HIS IRON-MUSCLED BODY! AND THEN...

LEAVE THE TRAIN! TAKE ALL THE PASSENGERS *WITH* YOU-- WHILE YOU STILL *CAN!!*

M-MISTER, YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME *TWICE!!* LUCKY THERE'S AN EMERGENCY EXIT STAIRWAY JUST BEHIND US!

SECONDS LATER, WITH HIS MASSIVE HAND ON THE CONTROL LEVER, THE STRONGEST MORTAL ON EARTH PROPELS THE TRAIN ALONG THE WINDING TUNNEL, AS ONE THOUGHT ECHOES THROUGH HIS BRAIN...

THE AVENGERS!! I'VE *GOT* TO FIND THE *AVENGERS!*

FINALLY, IN AN EXPENSIVE SECTION OF NEW YORK'S UPPER EAST SIDE, A MANHOLE COVER IS SLOWLY LIFTED FROM ITS PLACE, AS THOUGH MADE OF CARDBOARD...

THIS IS THE STREET! ANTHONY STARK'S MANSION SHOULD BE RIGHT AT THE CORNER!

EDITOR'S NOTE: THE HULK REMEMBERS THAT THE AVENGERS HAVE BEEN USING MILLIONAIRE TONY STARK'S MANSION AS THEIR MEETING PLACE --NEVER SUSPECTING THAT THE WEALTHY PLAY-BOY INDUSTRIALIST IS REALLY *IRON MAN!*

THIS IS THE PLACE! HULK REMEMBERS!

VOICES! THEY MUST BE INSIDE!

SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS ARE SNAPPED ON, AND...

WE RETURNED TO NEW YORK JUST IN TIME!! THE REPORTS ARE *TRUE!* THE HULK IS ON THE RAMPAGE AGAIN! BUT *THIS* TIME WE'LL STOP HIM!

DON'T *HURT* HIM! GIVE *ME* A CHANCE! LET ME TRY TO *REASON* WITH HIM!

WE HAVE NO WISH TO CAUSE ANY INJURY! IT IS UP TO *HIM!*

BUT, WITHOUT ANY WARNING, THE HUGE HUMAN JUGGERNAUT HURLS HIMSELF TOWARDS THE BOY WHO HAD ONCE BEEN HIS PARTNER...

GET BACK!! DON'T ALL *RUSH* HIM! THE ADVANTAGE IS *HIS* AT CLOSE QUARTERS!!

YOU DESERTED ME-- TURNED AGAINST ME WHEN I NEEDED YOU!! YOU LEFT ME FOR THE *AVENGERS!!* BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!!

LET'S PAUSE FOR A MOMENT'S LIGHTNING REVISION... RICK JONES WAS ONCE THE HULK'S FRIEND... AND IS THE *ONLY* HUMAN TO KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT THE GREEN-SKINNED GOLIATH...THAT HE IS, IN FACT, DR BRUCE BANNER, BRILLIANT NUCLEAR SCIENTIST, TRANSFORMED BY EXPOSURE TO GAMMA RAYS INTO THE HIDEOUS HULK!

BUT RICK HAD THOUGHT THE HULK TO BE DEAD!

STOP!! DROP THAT BOY, HULK! DROP HIM, OR-- . UGHH!!

HE'S LIKE A *STEAM ROLLER* --HE CAN'T BE *STOPPED!*

GIANT-MAN WAS *RIGHT!* WE'RE TOO *CLOSE* TO EACH OTHER! WE'RE IN EACH OTHER'S *WAY!* WE NEED MORE *ROOM!*

BUT, BEFORE THE AVENGERS CAN REGROUP, THE INCREDIBLE *HULK* MAKES AN EXIT FOR HIMSELF-- BY CRASHING THROUGH THE WALL...

THEY'LL *NEVER* GET ME NOW! AND, AS FOR *YOU*--!!

HULK--*DON'T!* YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE *DOIN'!* YOU'VE GOT IT ALL *WRONG*--!!

THEN, ALL BUT UNNOTICED IN THE CONFUSION, ONE SMALL, LOVELY FIGURE BRAVES THE DANGEROUS FLYING DEBRIS TO GO AFTER THE HULK--

CAN'T LET HIM ESCAPE AGAIN! MUST KEEP HIM IN SIGHT--- NO MATTER *WHAT!*

MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN IN A PRIVATE ROOM AT CITY HOSPITAL...

LUCK WAS WITH US! THE ANTIDOTE *WORKED!* HIS FEVER IS DOWN! WITH HIS WONDERFUL CONSTITUTION, HE'LL BE UP AND AROUND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT!

OH, THANK HEAVEN!! IF--IF ANYTHING HAD HAPPENED TO REED--I COULDN'T *BEAR* IT!

AND, BEFORE VERY LONG...

RICHARDS! ARE YOU *MAD!* YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO *RECUPERATE*--TO HAVE COMPLETE REST AND QUIET!

SORRY, DOC! THERE'S A LITTLE MATTER OF THE HULK RUNNING AMOK THAT I HAVE TO TAKE A HAND IN!

AND SO...

JOHNNY! BEN! SUE! GLAD YOU'RE ALL OKAY! WHERE'S THE *HULK??*

REED! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME! HE'S BEEN SIGHTED FURTHER UPTOWN!

HI, STRINGBEAN! I *KNEW* YOU WERE TOO ORNERY FOR ANY *GERMS* TO BEAT!

OH *BOY!* THE GANG'S ALL *HERE* AGAIN! I WOULDN'T WANNA BE IN THE HULK'S SHOES *NOW!*

JUST THEN...

WHAT??! THE *AVENGERS* ARE BACK IN NEW YORK! THEY'RE PURSUING THE HULK?!!

WITH THE *AVENGERS* STEPPING IN, *AMY--THING'S* LIABLE TO HAPPEN!

YOU *HEARD* WHAT THE MAN SAID! WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO! INTO THE *FANTASTI-CAR!!*

IT'S *WONDER-FUL!* JUST LIKE OLD TIMES!

WITHIN SECONDS...

LOOK SHARP! THE HULK MUST BE IN THIS VICINITY!

THERE HE IS--BELOW--WITH RICK JONES!

BUT *LOOK!* HE SEEMS TO BE IN *PAIN!* I DON'T GET IT!! WHAT COULD POSSIBLY HURT *HIM?*

BUT, WHAT THE FANTASTIC FOUR MISTAKE FOR PAIN IS REALLY ACUTE *ANNOYANCE!* FOR, WITHIN THE HULK'S EAR, WE FIND...

THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I COULD THINK OF TO HELP RICK! IF I CAN DISTURB THE HULK ENOUGH BY BUZZING AROUND IN HERE--!!

SOMETHING IN MY EAR--BUZZING--TICKLING--DRIVING ME MAD!!! GOT TO GET IT OUT! I'LL *POUND* MY HEAD, LIKE A SWIMMER WITH WATER IN HIS EAR!!

COULDN'T LAST ANY LONGER! BUT, I HOPE I GAVE RICK A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!

THE WASP'S EFFORTS PROVE TO BE REWARDED, FOR AT THAT MOMENT, A NIMBLE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE FIGURE HURLS HIMSELF AT THE OFF-BALANCE HULK--

CAPTAIN AMERICA!!

OOOOOFF!

YOU SHOULD HAVE *KNOWN* YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THE *AVENGERS!!*

TRY TO LECTURE *ME* WILL YA?? I'LL--*HEY!!*

HOW CAN YOU *MOVE* SO FAST??

CLEAN LIVIN' DOES IT, SONNY!

EASY, BIG MAN! YOU'LL WEAR YOURSELF OUT!

SUDDENLY, A FLAMING STREAK APPEARS...

THE *TORCH!* WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?

GIVING YOU A *BREATHIN' SPELL* BEFORE THE *HULK* GETS HIS HANDS ON YOU!

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THESE FIRE-BALLS WILL HOLD HIM AT BAY TILL MY PARTNERS GET HERE!

NO! *STOP IT!* THE *AVENGERS* CAN HANDLE THIS ALONE! KEEP *OUT* OF IT!

ENOUGH, TORCH! I'LL TACKLE HIM WITH A LASSO MADE OF MY OWN ARM!!

NO, RICHARDS--HE'S *MINE!* I *OWE* HIM THIS---!!

IRON MAN--LOOK *OUT!* YOU SHOULD HAVE KEPT YOUR ARM DOWN!

ME?? I TOLD *YOU* TO STAY OUT OF THIS!! THE HULK IS THE *AVENGERS'* PROBLEM!!

THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM! THEY'LL KEEP GETTING IN EACH OTHER'S WAY! I'LL BE ABLE TO WHITTLE THEM DOWN, ONE BY ONE!

I'VE GOT TO *STOP* HIM--'TILL THE AVENGERS AND MY OWN PARTNERS CAN GET ORGANISED! PERHAPS MY INVISIBLE ENERGY FORCE-FIELD WILL SLOW HIM DOWN--!

OH *NO!* GIANT-MAN LEAPED BETWEEN US! IT SURROUNDED *HIM!*

HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' *ON??* WHAT *IS* THIS???

NOW'S MY CHANCE--!

I'LL GRAB RICK AND LEAP INTO THE AIR--THEY'LL *NEVER* BE ABLE TO CATCH ME!

THERE'S THOR--WITH THE ONE *THING* I FEAR--THAT UNBEATABLE *HAMMER* OF HIS! I'VE GOT TO MOVE--*NOW!!*

NO MATTER *WHERE* THE HULK LEAPS TO, MY URU HAMMER WILL FOLLOW!! NOTHING CAN ESCAPE IT! *WAIT!* GET *BACK*--LOOK OUT, *THING!!*

GOT TO GRAB THE HULK! CAN'T LET HIM ESCAPE WITH THE KID!

COMING BETWEEN THE HULK AND THOR'S ENCHANTED HAMMER, THE *THING* ACCIDENTALLY ABSORBS THE BRUNT OF THE BLOW, AND IS HURLED IRRESISTIBLY BACK--

HEY!

FOOLISH ONE! WHY DID YOU NOT HEED THE WARNING OF *THOR???*

YOU LANTERN-JAWED, LONG-HAIRED LUMMOX!! WHY DON'TCHA LEARN HOW TO THROW THAT NUTTY GIZMO!??

DO NOT VENT YOUR WRATH ON ME, THING! THE HULK IS STILL OUR COMMON ENEMY!

BUT THE HULK HAS PLANS OF HIS OWN, AS HE LEAPS HUNDREDS OF FEET INTO THE AIR ON THE MOST POWERFUL LEGS KNOWN TO MAN--!

IF THEY FOLLOW ME UP HERE, I'LL GIVE THEM A BATTLE THEY'LL NEVER FORGET!

MEANWHILE, THE FANTASTIC FOUR AND THE AVENGERS BEGIN TO REGROUP, AND PLAN THEIR NEXT STRATEGY...

SORRY ABOUT THIS, IRON MAN, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE GOT IN THE WAY!

TROUBLE WITH YOU, RICHARDS, IS YOU'RE USED TO GIVING ORDERS TO EVERYBODY!

I NEVER THOUGHT A GIRL WOULD BE ABLE TO STOP ME WITH SOME BIT OF INVISIBLE HOCUS POCUS!

I MEANT TO USE MY INVISIBLE POWER ON THE HULK--NOT YOU!

BOY, DID WE ALL MAKE A MESS OF THIS LITTLE CAPER!

SAY, CURLY--IS THAT GETUP OF YOURS FOR REAL??

LOOK, WE'VE HEARD OF YOU AVENGERS--AND WE HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF RESPECT FOR YOU! BUT WE STARTED THIS BATTLE WITH THE HULK, AND WE'D LIKE TO FINISH IT OURSELVES!

SORRY, RICHARDS! IT'S NO DICE! THE HULK USED TO BE ONE OF US, AND WE FEEL HE'S OUR RESPONSIBILITY! WE CAN HANDLE HIM THE BEST!

THIS TALK IS USELESS! OUR FIRST PROBLEM IS TO FIND HIM AGAIN! THEN, PERHAPS WE CAN ALL WORK TOGETHER!

SAY, FOR A GUY WITH LONG HAIR, YOU'RE A-OKAY! YOU'VE EVEN GOT MUSCLES IN YOUR VOICE!

THE THING CARRIED MOST OF THE FIGHT SO FAR! IF HE'S WILLING TO JOIN FORCES, SO BE IT!

IT'S A DEAL! NOW JUST LET ME RAISE MY SHOULDER ANTENNA WHILE I TRY TO CONTACT THE POLICE ON MY BUILT-IN SHORT WAVE TRANSCEIVER!

AVENGERS CALLING POLICE HEADQUARTERS! REQUEST INFORMATION CONCERNING LAST SIGHTING OF TARGET H! OVER...

WE READ YOU, AVENGERS! HULK SPOTTED ATOP NEW CONSTRUCTION SITE AT EAST 63RD STREET! FANTASTIC FOUR IN AREA! SUGGEST YOU JOIN FORCES! OVER...

WE'RE 'WAY AHEAD OF YOU! CLEAR THE AREA--WE'RE ATTACKING!

MR FANTASTIC!

THE HUMAN TORCH!

THE THING!

INVISIBLE GIRL!

CAPTAIN AMERICA!

THE WASP!

THOR!

GIANT MAN!

IRON MAN!

THE HULK!

AND NOW ALL THE CHARACTERS ARE ASSEMBLED READY TO PLAY THEIR PARTS IN THE FINAL ACT OF THIS DEVASTATING DRAMA! FOR IN NEXT WEEK'S CLASSIC ISSUE WE CONCLUDE THIS STAGGERING STORY! WE BRING TO YOU THE LAST... THE *DECISIVE* MOMENTS IN THIS BERSERK BATTLE!

MEET THE BOY WHO DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN STRENGTH...

TUFFY McGREW

AND NOW WE COME TO THE GRAND FINAL OF THE SCHOOL WEIGHT-LIFTING CONTEST—

I'M THE GREATEST

—BETWEEN THE REIGNING CHAMPION, HECTOR HEFTY...

BOO! YAH-BOO! ROTTEN BULLY!

AND THE CHALLENGER... TUFFY McGREW!

HOORAY! GOOD OL' TUFFY!

RIGHT—NOW HECTOR WILL ATTEMPT THE FIRST LIFT OF EXACTLY HALF A TON!.... GO!

'S EASY!

GRUNT - GASP - ERK.... DUNNIT!

GARN! I HOPE YOU DROP IT ON YER BIG, FAT BONCE!

MAGNIFICENT!... HECTOR HEFTY HAS ACTUALLY LIFTED HALF A TON!

AND NOW TUFFY McGREW WILL ATTEMPT TO LIFT ONE TON!... GO!

COR! HE'S A REAL TON-UP BOY!

OH, DEAR! IT SEEMS THAT McGREW IS UNABLE TO LIFT THE WEIGHTS AT ALL!

TEE-HEE-HEE! LITTLE DO THEY KNOW THAT I'VE NAILED TUFFY'S WEIGHTS TO THE FLOOR!... I'M BOUND TO WIN!

SHAME! POOR OL' TUFFY—HE'S GONE SOFT!

I'M THE GREATEST

COME ON, TUFFY! DON'T LET US DOWN! GIVE THAT ROTTER HECTOR A GOOD BEATING!

DO YOU GIVE UP, TUFFY?

GRUNT! I'M SORRY, BOYS—BUT I JUST CAN'T BUDGE IT!

HAR-HAR! HE'LL NEVER LIFT THAT WEIGHT UNLESS HE PICKS UP THE FLOOR AS WELL- HAR-HAR!

IT IS WITH GREAT RELUCTANCE THAT I PRESENT THE WEIGHT-LIFTING TROPHY TO HECTOR HEFTY... THE SCHOOL BULLY.

GIVE IT HERE! IT'S MINE, ALL MINE!

WHAT A ROTTEN SWIZZ!

THE GREATEST

JUST YOU WAIT, YOU LOT! I'M GOING TO BASH YOU ALL FOR NOT CHEERING FOR ME!

OOER! NOW WE'RE FOR IT! I WANT MY MUM!

I'M THE GREATEST

I'LL JUST HAVE ONE LAST GO AT PICKING UP THIS WEIGHT.

GRUNT! GROAN!

MASSIVE HEAVE

CRIKEY! TUFFY HAS LIFTED UP THE GYMNASIUM!

SCHOOL GYMNASIUM

I'M THE GREATEST

TRIP!

MUFFLED HELP!

LET GO OF THAT BARBELL, TUFFY—YOU'RE LIFTING UP THE GYMNASIUM!

OKAY—TEACHER

COME AND HELP HECTOR, TUFFY—WE CAN'T GET THE TROPHY OFF HIS CRANIUM.

ERK! OUGH!

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE!

OOOF! THAT HURT!

GOOD OL' TUFFY!

PLOP!

AS HECTOR COULDN'T PULL THE TROPHY OFF HIS HEAD, AND TUFFY D'D, I THINK THAT PROVES TUFFY IS THE STRONGER BOY—THEREFORE HE SHOULD BE AWARDED THE TROPHY.

HOORAY!

MY MODESTY FORBIDS ME TO SAY HOW WISE I THINK YOUR DECISION IS.

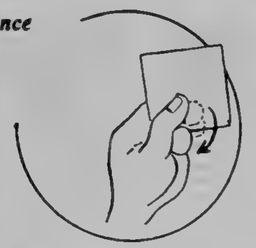
I THUPPOTHE YOU THINK THAT'TH FUNNY!... URGH!

MEET...

Mister Knowall *

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

Vanishing Sixpence

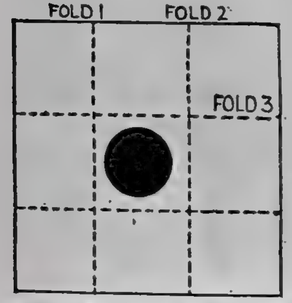


This is two tricks in one, really, so I'll describe it to you in two stages.

Pop a sixpence into the centre of a piece of paper, then fold it according to my diagram.

The drawing shows how the coin slips out into your hand, undetected by anyone watching as you make the final folds. Now, transferring the paper to your *other* hand, you can open it out to reveal that the sixpence, (which by now you have slipped into your pocket) has vanished!

That's a good enough trick on its 'n—but stage number two makes it ndred times better!



Instead of opening out the folded paper, you put it on the lid of an empty tin, which (for safety's sake) you stand on a large plate.

Now set light to the paper and, as it burns away, the sixpence that everyone thinks is still inside, seems to drop right through the lid into the tin—*PLONK!*

But what *really* happened was this—you had previously stuck *another* sixpence with a little candle grease or margarine to the underside of the tin lid.

When you lit the paper (already emptied of the original sixpence as I described in Stage One), the heat melted the grease and caused the coin under the lid to drop. DO, PLEASE, GET MUM'S PERMISSION TO USE MATCHES BEFORE YOU TRY THIS TRICK!

BLOW IT!

Give your mate a balloon and a cup. Now ask him to pick the cup up with the balloon—but he must not put the balloon through the cup handle.

When he gives up, here is how it is done...

Blow the balloon up just a little and press it down into the mouth of the cup. Continue to blow the balloon up, then tie a knot in the end. Air-pressure will stick the cup firmly, enabling you to pick it up by the balloon.

Thanks to Knowall Robin Pipe of Newport, for this trick.

* * * * *

Where is the ONE place on your body to put your hand so that the other hand cannot touch it?

On the elbow of the other arm!

* * * * *

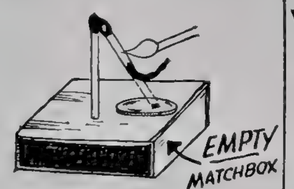
Get permission before you try this trick, too, Knowalls.

Place sixpence on an EMPTY matchbox underneath a match balanced against another as my drawing shows.

The challenge is to remove the coin without knocking over the balanced matches.

There is only one way to do it.

You simply light the match with the coin beneath it just below the top. The match will rise up leaving the sixpence for you to remove.



MATCH THIS!

Can you make fourteen out of these five matches without breaking any—then take one *away* to make fifteen? Impossible—it's not! The answers are below.

What goes from post to post without moving? A clothes-line

Why do gypsies have piebald ponies?
To pull their carts

What tree is older than the oak? The elder

ANSWER TO MATCH THIS.

XIV & XV
(FOURTEEN) (FIFTEEN)

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is:.....

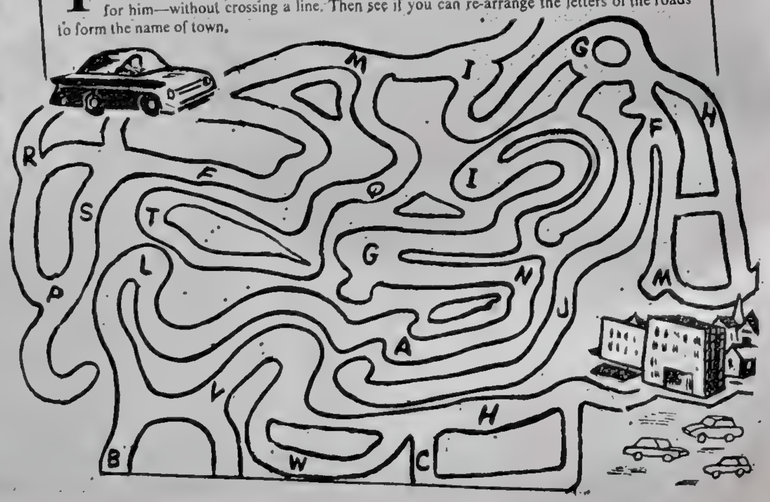
The Feature I don't like is:.....

My age is:.....

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

The driver of this car is no Knowall! He doesn't know which road to take to get to a town—he doesn't even know the town he's going to! See if you can find the right road for him—without crossing a line. Then see if you can re-arrange the letters of the roads to form the name of town.



HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH

BAH! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY I'LL GET RID OF MY MONEY!
BUT...
SORRY, RON! WE'RE NOT COLLECTING WASTE PAPER UNLESS IT'S PUT IN A SACK FIRST!
DAILY MOAN
OH, NO!
HEH! HEH! NEVER MIND! I'VE GOT ANOTHER IDEA!
THIS CAN'T FAIL! COUSIN WILLIE IS GETTING MARRIED TODAY, SO I'LL TURN MY MONEY INTO CONFETTI AND THROW IT AT HIM!
LOVELY! LOVELY!
LATER...
COUSIN WILLIE SHOULD BE COMING OUT ANY MINUTE NOW! I'D BETTER GET IN POSITION!
AND HERE THEY COME...
HOLD IT THERE!
WHAT DOES HE WANT ME TO HOLD MY HAT HERE FOR?
HAPPY WEDDING, COUSIN WILLIE!
AAGH!
GLUGG!
HELP! I CAN'T SEE A THING!
OOH, HECK! IT MUST HAVE STUCK TO HIS HAIR CREAM!
WHERE AM I?
HEY! WATCH IT, MATE! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE SHOVING?
BLATTER!
MAYBE THAT'LL TEACH YOU SOME MANNERS!
SHRIEK! WILLIE!
OH, GOLLY! HE'S GOING BACK INTO THE CHURCH!
HEH! HEH! WEDDINGS MAKE PINCHING A CINCH! WHILE THEY'RE ALL OUTSIDE WATCHING THE BLUSHING BRIDE I'LL JUST MAKE OFF WITH SOME OF THIS!
OH! OH! YOU CAN GUESS THE ENDING!
CRACK!
AAGH!
OH, RONALD! WELL DONE! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR CONFETTI THAT CROOK WOULD HAVE STOLEN OUR PRICELESS RELICS!
OH, NO! LET ME OUT! I KNOW WHAT'S COMING!
BACK HOME...
BOO! HOO! I CAN'T WIN! THEY POSTED THE REWARD TO ME!
REWARD

The SWOTS and the BLOTS

SOME FLOWERS FOR OUR NICE, KIND TEACHER!

OH, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE! WHAT KIND ARE THEY, BROWN?

AAGH! A TRICK! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!

SPLOOSH!

HEH! HEH! THEY'RE WATER LILIES, SIR!

POOR OLD SIR! NASTY, NASTY LITTLE BLOTS!

HEH! HEH! YOU'RE THE GREATEST, BROWN!

AW, SHUCKS! IT WAS NOTHING!

BLOW!

COO! A HAIR DRIER! WE COULD HAVE LOTS OF FUN WITH THIS!

SNATCH!

WAA-AAH! TEACHER, SIR! BILLY BLOT HAS PINCHED MY HAIR DRIER!

HEH! HEH! THAT'LL SHUT UP THE LITTLE SNEAK!

BLOW-W!

AAGH!

STOP BAWLING! THIS WILL GET YOU CLEAN AGAIN!

SPLOOSH!

RIGHT, BILLY! THAT WAS MOST UNKIND! BEND OVER, MY LAD!

COO! AN AERO-CANE!

Z-I-P-P-I

OH, NO!

BLOW-W!

HEH! HEH!

LEAVE IT TO US, SIR! WE'LL GET YOUR CANE, SIR!

WOW! LOOK AT THOSE ROTTEN LITTLE SWOTS!

HELP!

MUVVER!

HEH! HEH! ... AND LEAVE THESE SNEAKS TO ME!

? ?

AAGH!

HEE! HEE! THIS IS EVEN BETTER THAN DODDY'S TICKLING STICK! I'LL GIVE HIM AIR-TEX UNDERWEAR! SNIGGER!

THAT'S PUT THE WIND UP THEM! HEH! HEH!

HOWEVER, WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN...

WHEE-EE-

WAA-AAH! ME JAM BUTTIE! IT'S BEEN ATTACKED!

SPLOT!

SNATCH!

I'LL HAVE THAT, JONES! I THINK I'LL NEED IT! WHERE'S BILLY?

GRRR! LOOK AT MY CANE— IT'S ALL COVERED WITH JAM!

COO! DID TEACHER SAY JAM? MY BEES LOVE JAM! GO AND HAVE A GOOD TUCK-IN, LADS!

BZZZ

BZZZ

BZZ-Z-Z-Z-Z-ZZZ

LOOK OUT, TEACHER, SIR— BEES! RUN FOR IT!

B-B-BEES! B-BUT WHERE?

PINCH!

LISTEN TO THOSE ROTTEN LITTLE SNEAKS— THEY ALWAYS SPOIL THE FUN!

NASH!

CHOMP!

DELICIOUS! A CANE BUTTIE!

CHOMP!

JOLLY HARD CRUST, THOUGH!

HELP!

AAGH!

AIEE! THEY'VE EATEN THE CANE, TOO! SO THAT'S WHAT THEY MEANT BY THE HARD CRUST!

GONE!

GRRR! GIVE ME THAT!

ERK!

GOOD OLD SIR! HE'LL TEACH THOSE BLOTS!

I THINK I CAN FIND A USE FOR IT!

HEH! HEH! THIS IS A LOT EASIER ON THE ARM THAN CANING THEM, TOO! HEE! HEE!

EEOW! OUCH! ROTTEN OLD SIR!

WHIRL-L-L-L

BLOW!

THAT'LL TEACH THEM! SNIGGER!

THIS IS WORSE THAN THE CANE! OOH! OOH!

ZIP-P

WACK!

WACK!

BRAVO, SIR!

WHACK-O— IF YOU'LL PARDON THE EXPRESSION, SIR!

OH, JOLLY GOOD, SIR!

SORE!

THROB!

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

GOSH, FOLKS! THIS SPY STUFF IS REALLY CATCHING ON! I'VE GOT A WHOLE TWO PAGES NOW — ALL TO MY LOVELY SELF!

AS OLD READERS ALREADY KNOW, I'M *THE MAN FROM BUNGLE* — LARRY TO MY FRIENDS.

SMASH EDITOR'S PRIVATE NOTEPAPER — HANDS OFF

What you readers don't know is that B.U.N.G.L.E. stands for Batty Uneducated Nits and Goofs — (Larry Especially)

SIGNED — Your favourite Editor COS

WISH THE BOSS WOULDN'T SMOKE THOSE PIPES OF HIS — I FEEL LIKE A SMOKED KIPPER EVERY TIME I GO TO SEE HIM!

© CHIEF — VERY VERY TOP SECRET

LARRY—THE DREADED CUCKOO CROWD HAVE KIDNAPPED PROFESSOR PYE! THEY WERE LAST SEEN HEADING TOWARDS THE COAST IN DOCTOR GOOLE'S ROLLS ROYCE THIS MORNING!

CLEVER!—NOBODY GIVES MORNING ROLLS A SECOND LOOK—UNLESS THEY'RE HUNGRY!

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E. IS TAKING UP OUR TRAIL, DR GOOLE. HE'S JUST LEAVING B.U.N.G.L.E. H.Q.!

POOR, MISGUIDED FOOL! HE IS IN FOR A NASTY SHOCK. THIS ROLLS CONTAINS MORE SHOCKS THAN JAMES BOND'S ASTON-MARTIN!

COME ON, YOU OLD JALLOPY—*MOVE!* THE FATE OF WORLD PEACE RESTS IN MY HANDS!

SHUDDER — BANG! — RATTLE — HISS! — CLANK! — CLANG!

BANG! — AAR! AAAR! — FARMER'S COMPOST H.Q. — SPLODGE! — BANG!

THAT'S AGENT O-O-OAF! *AAR! AAR!* THAT'S THE SIGNAL FOR ROLLS ROYCE — I'M HEADING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION! — CLANK! CLANK CLANK — BANG!

RADARSCOPE — PRESS! — FOOL! FOOL! HE'S HEADING RIGHT INTO TROUBLE!

KLICK! KLICK! — G-GULP! THOSE EXHAUSTS ARE TWIN CANNONS!

BOOM! BOOM!

OH, NO! IT CAN'T BE THE END OF OUR LARRY!

ERR! AAGH! THEY'VE CAUGHT ME WITH THEIR SHELLS IN MY COLLAR — I'VE BEEN *COLLARED!*

BOSS! I'M DONE FOR! GOODBYE! GIVE MY LOVE TO LILY AND THE OFFICE CAT! FAREWELL, DEAR FRIEND!

SOB! — ZOOM! — HAPPINESS IS LESS SHARP!

STOP SNIVELLING, YOU FOOL! TAKE YOUR COAT OFF!

UH?

COO! NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!

THE BOSS IS ALWAYS TELLING ME TO KEEP THINGS UNDER MY HAT, AND LUCKILY, I'VE GOT A SPARE COAT THERE!

AAGH! I FORGOT—I'M TEN THOUSAND FEET UP IN THE AIR! *AIEEEEE!*

EVER SO SICK GRIN!

FLOMP!

USE YOUR BLOOMING PARACHUTE, YOU IMBECILE!

COR! DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT THE BOSS!

THUMP!

GOOLE'S GARRET — TRESPASSERS WILL BE ELECTROCUTED — KEEP OUT — BUZZZ!

COO! WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK! THIS MUST BE WHERE DOCTOR GOOLE IS KEEPING THE PROFESSOR, AND I'M IN! THE GAME'S UP FOR THAT *CUCKOO* LOT!

I'VE FOUND THEM, BOSS! IF YOU'LL JUST GET OUT YOUR PARKER 65 AND YOUR BASILDON BOND VELLUM I'LL GIVE THEIR EXACT WHEREABOUTS!

HEH! HEH! SLURP! HE'S BUNGLED ALL RIGHT! MY BITE IS WORSE THAN MY BARK! SLURP! SLURP! GOODBYE, MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.!

NEXT WEEK — THE GAME'S UP—AND THE GAME IS **SNAP!** HOW IS BUNGLE TO ESCAPE? THE ANSWER IS SOMEWHERE IN THIS LAST PICTURE. LOOK FOR IT—AND SEE IF YOU'RE RIGHT—NEXT WEEK!

news from the floor of 64

64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

That wasn't a gale blowing recently—it was us giving a sigh of relief.

Because the THING sweatshirts have arrived! And this means that we shall at last be able to make good our promise to award a FREE THING SWEATSHIRT to the writer of each letter published in WHAM! So, commencing with the next issue, this is the way it shall be while stocks last!

Just in case you forgot what the sweatshirts look like (and it's been so long that who could blame you!) here's a reminder of what they are like.

Note the lovable legend on the front. And there's another on the back!

We really started something when we started featuring BATMAN and ROBIN in SMASH! Before the Dynamic Duo had been pictured in our pages for more than a few weeks they began appearing on TV. And, going from strength to strength, the Caped Crusader and the Boy Wonder are now starring in a new, full-length film which will be on release over the Christmas period. (Didn't we tell you it's fast becoming a Batman world!)

We saw a run-through of the film last week. Not only does it feature Batman and Robin, but also included are Catwoman, the Penguin, the Joker and the Riddler! Need we say more!

One way and another, this is a great week for WHAM readers. Not only do they get the news about the THING sweatshirt, but in this week's issue is the start of a new Fantastic Four adventure that is a milestone in their cataclysmic career! For teamed up against our four friendly ones are the Devilish Doctor Doom and Sub-mariner! With those two together on the same side anything can happen—and it does!

Meet Twenty Proud Power-Pack People.

Alan Bowkley, Wolverhampton; Barry Stringer, Carlton, Bedford; Samuel Coates, Belfast 6; Kevin Hall, East Ham; Neil Lockhart, Abbey Wood, London; Peter Routledge, Greenford, Middx.; John Wilson, Dorking, Surrey; Michael Spenser, Sheffield 12; Stephen Jarvis, Camberley, Surrey; Nicholas Glover, Dagenham, Essex; Trevor Hawes, E. Taphouse, Cornwall; Garry Lawson, Pontadown, N. Ireland; Jeremy Beswick, Barnes, S.W.13; Joseph Smith, Liverpool 4; Steven Mackie, Whiteleas, Co. Durham; David Higgs, Winchmore Hill, London, N.21; Andrew Newcombe, Torpoint, Cornwall; Gary Westrop, Bridgend, Glamorgan; G. Dancey, Swindon; P. Ransom, Leeds.

DANGER MOUSE TURNS THE TIDE...

I'M GOING TO DROWN DANGER MOUSE—WITH MY ANGLE WATER-PISTOL!
OKAY, YOU LITTLE SQUIRT—I KNOW YOU'RE THERE!
ERK! PLEASE DON'T SHOOT, CAT!
HEH! HEH! TAKE YOUR SOAKING LIKE A MAN... ER, MOUSE!
WHOOSH!
SPLOSH!
AAAGH!
WHOOSH!
I TOLD YOU NOT TO SHOOT!
TEE! HEE! I'M LAUGHING LIKE A DRAIN!
UG!

BE A SMASHER — AND WIN WRITE TO SMASH! £1

To: SMASH!, 64 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

* * *

Dear Alf and Cos,

Smash is the best comic around the comic stalls. This is mainly because of the new style of introducing super heroes, no other comic has ever done this before. There are two things however that bother me. Why, oh why, do you always replace the good old full stop with an exclamation mark? I have hardly seen one full stop in any of your comics! Is this supposed to boost the suspense even more?

Also the Avenger's stories are always the ones that I have read in some of the older Marvel Mags and they lose their touch of mystery as I always know the outcome. Apart from that your comics are the greatest.

P.S. I bet you don't print this letter either, because I've been a bit grousy, or that you haven't enough space!

Stephen Light,
Addington, Surrey.

About those exclamation marks, Stephen—well, I guess we just get carried away. But it's still nice to learn that an expert like you likes our style.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

The other day in school we were given a free period, so I decided to read my Smash. But when the master saw what I was reading, he told me to bring it out. And so I stood there for 25 minutes before the master had finished reading it. This must prove that Smash is the best comic.

P.S. I think having the Hulk, Batman and The Avengers is a fab idea.

M. Lipkin,
Manor Park.

Sounds to us as if it was your class master who had the free period. He read your Smash for nothing.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Smash,

I started reading Smash only a month ago and I think it is the most exciting up to date comic on sale. The way you leave the story right at the itching moment it is worth every penny. The Incredible Hulk is really crazy. It is fantastic. The idea is really great. Your comic is tops with me.

Michael Kirby,
East Finchley.

Mike—we just love that phrase of yours—"The Itching Moment"! Now why couldn't we have thought of it first! Still—you won't mind if we borrow it sometime, will you?

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

After reading my SMASH I let my sister aged eight read it and she noticed after a while a printing error in the 5th caption of BATMAN in issue No. 39. The word little was spelt LITLLE. The next time there is a mistake, I hope I spot it, because my sister got on my nerves after she spotted the mistake.

P.S. I have enclosed caption inside letter to prove it.

P.P.S. I love you all. So does my sister, No. 1 brother, No. 2 brother, No. 3 brother, myself and No. 4 brother, Mum, Dad and my two sisters-in-law.

Richard Spalding,
Edgware, Middx.

Our faces are a little red after reading your letter, Richard! Our apologies to you and to all the other readers who have written in pointing out this mistake.

What a friendly family you have! Seemed to us that the P.S. was written by your sister. Were we right?

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

In issue 39, the fourth picture on the front page, I spotted a spelling mistake. It's not like you to have spelling mistakes like spelling "LITTLE" as "LITLLE." Other than this I think SMASH is great. I don't think my letter will be published, but I hope it will. Keep up the "Smashing" work.

P.S. I have never seen anybody from Merthyr having a letter printed in SMASH.

David Evans,
Troedyrhiw, Merthyr.

See what we mean? We just can't get away with anything! Well, Dai. You've seen a letter from Merthyr Tydfil published in SMASH now!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I would like to inform you that you *can* buy Incredible Hulk Sweatshirts.

This year, in April, I sent a letter to Marvel Comics Group, New York, America, asking to print British Currency as well as American. Instead, they sent me a picture story about the Hulk and Doc. Doom with the prices of all their gizmos, such as the MMMS—10/-, Spiderman 6 ft. pin-up—16/-, pop-art stationery—10/-, super-hero tee-shirts—10/6d. and Hulk Sweatshirts—£1 2s. 6d. So if you're thinking of buying one of these shirts just send £1 2s. 6d. to Marvel Comics Group, 625 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. I would like to add that SMASH is fantastic and I like all the stories except one—Batman. Why can you not put Spiderman on the front 2 pages. If you do I will recommend your mag more highly than I do now. I love the Hulk.

James Harrold,
Dunfermline, Scotland.

How's that for information! After all that what can we say? Nothing, except that Spiderman is on his way.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I have just read that you have got 22 more Hulk sweatshirts left, so I am writing to you in a feeble effort to get one. Some of the things wrong with Smash are:

1. It's not long enough.
3. Grimly Feendish never wins.
3. Batman is too short.
4. You always know what is going to happen in Ronnie Rich.

But on the whole, SMASH is the best comic in the world.

Yours Smashfully,
Julia Sandiford,
Welwyn, Herts.

Gee, Julia—we're sorry your letter came out of the pile just too late to win you a HULK sweatshirt, and we hope the Pound Note we're sending you will help to soften the blow. And here's our answers to your points.

1. We agree, we agree. We're always telling the Managing Director the same thing.

2. Didnja know crime never pays!

3. Batman is not short. He's six feet two inches tall!

4. Ronnie Rich never knows what's going to happen to him next!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I have been reading Smash since it started and I think the Hulk is the best thing that's happened for it, not forgetting Batman and Rubberman. But why bring in the Avengers? It isn't all that good and in it's place you could put a longer Hulk story, or start Superman, or have two pages of Queen of the Seas—the best funny story in the comic.

Would you please stop changing the face of the Hulk each week. It isn't the same seeing the big fella's features change each week, so please try to keep him his old ugly self.

Keep on with the good work, publishing your great comic.

Robert Tweedie,
Newcastle, Staffs.

What we're setting out to do, Robert, is publish all the adventures that have ever befallen the HULK. And since the Avengers were involved in some of those adventures the Avengers just have to appear in the paper. We can promise you, though, that commencing with the first issue of SMASH in January old Green-Skin will be off on a long series of lone wolf adventures. And we can promise you that these coming HULK yarns are the greatest ever! Just you wait and see!

Alf and Cos.

P.S. So the big fella's getting too good looking for your liking. You should see the way he's blushing!

Jaco
STRONG, SWIFT, SMOOTH & SILENT THAT'S "JACOSKATES"
REG.
AND NO DEARER THAN ORDINARY SKATES
From sports, games and toy shops.
JACOBS ROLLER SKATES
18/82 HACKNEY ROAD, LONDON E2

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, HAVE TRAVELLED BACK IN TIME TO OLYMPUS, LEGENDARY HOME OF THE GREEK GODS, WHERE THEY SEEK THE CROWN OF ZEUS. THEY HAVE JUST ESCAPED FROM THE GIANT, AWSOME TITANS, WHO ARE ABOUT TO LAUNCH AN ATTACK UPON ZEUS. BUT, UNKNOWN TO THE LEGEND TESTERS—**THEY HAVE BEEN SEEN!**

THE INCREDIBLE, **TWO-FACED** FIGURE IS **JANUS!**

THOSE POOR FOOLS OF MORTALS IN THE TREES! THEY THINK I HAVE NOT SEEN THEM! I, JANUS, WHO CAN SEE IN **ALL** DIRECTIONS!

JANUS QUICKENS HIS STEPS IN THE DIRECTION OF OLYMPUS...

AND NOW IT IS TIME FOR US TO MEET MIGHTY ZEUS HIMSELF! WE FIND HIM IN OLYMPUS... AND WITH HIM IS A WIZENED SAGE WHO PEERS INTO A CRYSTAL ORB...

WELL, ANCIENT ONE! WHAT IS IT YOU SEE?

GREAT ZEUS, FATHER OF THE GODS! I **SEE THOSE WHO HAVE PLEDGED THEMSELVES TO BE YOUR ENEMIES...!**

...THEY LURK IN THE FOREST LIKE WOLVES! AND EVEN AS I SPEAK **THEY ARE PREPARING TO COME HERE TO ATTACK!**

ATTACK ZEUS? **NO ONE WOULD DARE!**

BUT DESPITE THE CERTAINTY OF HIS WORDS, THERE IS A NOTE OF DOUBT IN ZEUS'S VOICE!

AND IT IS AT THIS MOMENT OF HIGH DRAMA THAT JANUS ENTERS!

ZEUS! I MUST SPEAK WITH YOU!

YES— WHAT IS IT, JANUS?

I SAW TWO STRANGERS— TWO MORTALS— IN THE FOREST! THEY TRIED NOT TO BE SEEN— BUT I SAW THEM!

I THINK THEY ARE COMING HERE!

COMING HERE? THEN THEY MUST BE THE **ATTACKERS** OF WHOM MY SAGE SPOKE!

BUT WHEN THEY ARRIVE WE SHALL BE READY FOR THEM?

WE'LL RETURN NOW TO THE FOREST, WHERE THE TWO LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO AND DANNY, **ARE** PREPARING TO MOVE ON TO OLYMPUS...

AT LAST WE DRAW NEAR TO ZEUS! OUR QUEST IS NEARLY OVER!

HEY—! WHAT'S THAT? THERE, ON THE GROUND?

IT'S SOME SORT OF STAFF! BUT SEE HOW CURIOUSLY IT IS WORKED!

THEY DO NOT HEAR THE SOFT FOOTFALLS APPROACHING THEM. AND THEN A HAND... GENTLY BUT FIRMLY... TAKES THE OBJECT FROM ROLLO'S GRASP.

MY STAFF! THANK YOU!

I HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR IT. AND BY FINDING IT YOU HAVE EARNED THE GRATITUDE OF QUICKSILVER!

ER—GLAD TO HAVE BEEN OF SERVICE!

FAREWELL!

WOW! DID YOU SEE THOSE LITTLE WINGS ON HIS FEET?

YES— I SAW THEM. BUT NOW WE MUST WASTE NO MORE TIME!

AND SO, WITH HEARTS BEATING EXCITEDLY NOW THAT THE END OF THE LONG SEARCH IS WITHIN REACH, THEY APPROACH THE WALLS OF OLYMPUS.

WONDERINGLY, THEY PASS THROUGH THE MASSIVE GATEWAY— AND THEN— **IT HAPPENS!**

IN THE NAME OF **ZEUS! SEIZE THEM!**

HEY—! WHAT KIND OF A WELCOME IS **THIS?**

THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM, ROLLO! **WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE!**

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US?

YOU ARE NOW ABOUT TO FACE THE WRATH OF **ZEUS,** EVIL ONE!

ROUGH HANDS DRAG THEM INTO THE AWESOME PRESENCE OF THE RULER OF OLYMPUS!

SO— YOU WOULD DARE ATTACK **ME!** YOU PUNY MORTALS! **FOR YOUR IMPUDENCE YOU SHALL DIE!**

WAIT! YOU'RE MISTAKEN! LISTEN TO ME!

SILENCE, DOG!

IN OLYMPUS, JUSTICE IS ADMINISTERED SWIFTLY— AS YOU SHALL SEE!

STRIKE OFF THEIR HEADS!

IS THIS TO BE THE END OF THE LONG QUEST? ALONE IN THE HOME OF THE GODS— ACCUSED AND CONDEMNED! AND WITH ONLY AS MUCH TIME AS IT TAKES A SWORD TO STRIKE STILL REMAINING TO THEM! NEXT ISH: AS SWORDS FLASH!

THE NERVS

COR! WHAT A MESS THIS MOUTH IS IN! A PROPER MUCK-HEAP!

PONG! STINK!

MOUTH ALLEY

BEWARE LOW TUNNEL (THROAT)

STICK NO BILLS

MOUTH ORGAN

HUH! HOW CAN WE CLEAN THINGS UP? WE'VE NOTHING LEFT TO CLEAN IT WITH!

GROOH! MY MOUTH TASTES *AWFUL!* — I MUST HAVE A MOUTH-WASH!

GLUG! GLUG!

SLOSH!

YIPPEE! A MOUTH-WASH! WE'LL BE ABLE TO CLEAN FATTY'S MOUTH WITH IT!

GET OUT THE MOPS AND BUCKETS, BOYS!

HELP! THE TIDE'S GOING OUT AGAIN!

THE WATER'S GOING — JUST LIKE IT ALWAYS DOES!

AND NO WONDER! LOOK WHAT FATTY'S DOING!

SPLOO!

GROOH! **THAT** DIDN'T DO MUCH GOOD — MY MOUTH STILL TASTES TERRIBLE!

I'LL GARGLE SOME MORE IN A MINUTE!

FATTY'S GOING TO MIX UP SOME MORE MOUTH-WASH! I'VE GOT TO GET HELP SO WE CAN USE IT THIS TIME!

IN FATTY'S THROAT DEPARTMENT...

THROAT DIV. HICCUP DEPT.

HEY! YOU **HICK NERVS!** YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US!

AAR! WHAT BE MICKEY MOUTH NERV BE WANTING NOW? *AAR!*

HICCUP MACH

OFF ¼ ½ ¾ FULL

LISTEN!— NEXT TIME FATTY TAKES A MOUTHFUL OF WASH, MAKE HIM **HICCUP** AND **SWALLOW** IT!

THE CLOT ALWAYS SPITS IT OUT BEFORE WE CAN USE IT TO CLEAN HIS MOUTH!

AAR! BE OFF WITH YE, MICKEY! THIS IS OUR HALF-DAY! WE AIN'T WORKING! *AAR! AAR!* HEH! HEH!

HICCUP NERVS THROAT DIV.

STAB!

JAB!

SURGERY

GRR! THOSE HICKS AREN'T GETTING AWAY WITH *THAT!* I'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF THEIR HICCUP MACHINE!

I'LL BORROW THIS STICKY TAPE, DOC! I'VE GOT A STICKY SITUATION TO DEAL WITH!

STICKING PLASTER

THAT'S OKAY, MICKEY — HELP YOURSELF!

DR. YES

KEEP OUT DAY OFF

TONSILS

THIS IS THROAT PROPERTY KEEP OUT

HEAD THATAWAY

I'LL PUT DOWN THE RED CARPET! GIVE THOSE HICKS THE V.I.P. (*VERY IMPORTANT PLASTER*) TREATMENT! —SNIGGER!

BAT NERV — STUMPED!

HICCUP NERVS THROAT DEPT.

HEH! HEH! NOW TO BRING THOSE ROTTEN HICK NERVS OUT!

KEEP OUT DAY OFF

THE DREADED APPLE BUGS ARE ON THE WAY! WATCH YOUR ADAM'S APPLE!

AAR! ACTION STATIONS! WHERE ARE THEY?

DOWN WIV' DIRTY APPLE BUGS! *AAR!*

SILENT SNIGGER!

AAGH! HELP! MY FEET ARE S-STUCK!

IT'S A TRAP! — A MOUTH TRAP!

HO! HO! THEY FELL FOR IT! I'LL NIP INSIDE NOW!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN FATTY'S MOUTH...

RIGHT, MICKEY! HERE COMES THE WATER! DO YOUR STUFF NOW!

THROAT DIV. HICCUP DEPT.

ROGER — OVER AND OUT!

NOW TO START THE HICCUP MACHINE — FATTY'S TAKEN A MOUTHFUL OF MOUTH-WASH!

HICCUP MACH

OFF ¼ ½ ¾ ON

HIC!

— UH? EH!—

HIC!

— I'VE **SWALLOWED** THE FLIPPIN' MOUTH-WASH! —

GULP!

HEH! HEH! LOTS OF WATER NOW! SOON HAVE HIS MOUTH SPOTLESS!

YELL DOWN TO THE TUM DEPARTMENT — TELL 'EM TO SEND UP SOME MORE MOUTH-WASH!

WOZZO!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT!

TAP! TAP!

COME ON, PROFESSOR! A CLEVER LAD LIKE YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO THINK UP A FOOL-PROOF PLAN TO ROB THE BANK OF ENGLAND! THAT'S WHY I'VE KIDNAPPED YOU, SO GET ON WITH IT!

THE FIEND! I'VE LOST TWO STONE SINCE HE LOCKED ME IN HERE! HE'S STARVING ME!

AHA! AN IDEA! I'M SO THIN I'LL BE ABLE TO ESCAPE UP THE CHIMNEY NOW!

AAGH! HELP! WHO PUT THE LIGHTS OUT? COUGH! SPLUTTER!

SWOOSH!

TWIT! IT'S SOOT— THE PROFESSOR MUST BE OFF UP THE CHIMNEY!

BASH! BASH! BASH!

HEH! HEH! THIS WILL KEEP HIM IN! A CORKING GOOD IDEA, THOUGH I SAY IT MYSELF!

WAAH! ROTTERS! LET ME OUT!

HEH! HEH! YOU'RE A BRIGHT LITTLE LAD!

SHUCKS! I CAN'T HELP BEING BRILLIANT, GRIMLY!

MEANWHILE, TWO M.I.5½ AGENTS HAVE TRACED THE PROFESSOR TO GRIMLY'S HIDEOUT...

JUST AS I THOUGHT, DOUBLE-O-ONE! GRIMLY'S GOT THE PROFESSOR TRAPPED IN HIS CHIMNEY!

LET'S GO! PLAN NUMBER 29 IT IS!

BIGGEST LEMONADE BOTTLE I'VE EVER OPENED!

SCREW! CREAK!

POP!

HELP! WH-WHAT'S THAT?

SOUNDS AS IF THE PROFESSOR'S 'POPPING' OUT FOR A STROLL! GULP!

GRR! HE DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE OF GETTING AWAY!

COO, TA!

WHEEEEEE

DROP!

O.K.! BOMBS AWAY—ON TARGET!

THUMP!

AARRGH!

OH DEAR! I DON'T THINK GRIMLY WILL THINK THAT'S A CORKING IDEA! GULP!

WAVE!

PANT PUFF PANT GASP

ZOOM!

TAXI! TAXI!

QUICK, OOYe! LET'S MAKE OUR GETAWAY!

TWITCH!

AAGH! WA-AH! AIEE! SNARL! GET OUT THE CANNON!

HEH! HEH! I'LL STOP THEM, GRIMLY! READY, STEADY—

RUMBLE! RUMBLE!

*BZZPT!

A W-WASP'S NEST!?!

*AAGH! HE'S TRYING TO BURN US OUT!— RIGHTO, LADS, GET HIM!

TAXI

BUZZ!

STING! STING! STING!

AAGH! HELP! CALL THEM OFF!

COO! GRIMLY'S CAUGHT UP WITH US, BUT HE AIN'T STOPPING! HO! HO!

WHAT A CLOT! BUT LIFE WOULD BE DULL WITHOUT HIM!